



"LOVE IN REVERSE"

They met. His heart leapt. "I love you," he cried.

"Me, too, hey," she cried.

"Tell me," he cried, "are you a girl of expensive tastes?"

"No, hey," she cried. "I am a girl of simple tastes."

"Good," he cried, "for my cruel father sends me an allowance barely large enough to support life."

"Money does not matter to me," she cried. "My tastes are simple, my wants are few. Just take me riding in a long, new, yellow convertible and I am content."

"Goodbye," he cried, and ran away as fast as his chubby little legs could carry him, for he had no convertible, nor the money to buy one, nor the means to get the money, short of picking up his stingy father by the ankles and shaking him till his wallet fell out.

He knew he must forget this girl but, lying on his pallet at the dormitory, whimpering and moaning, he knew he could not.

At last an idea came to him: though he did not have the money to buy a convertible, perhaps he had enough to rent one!

Hope reborn, he rushed at once to an automobile rental company and rented a yellow convertible for \$10 down plus 10¢ a mile, and with many a laugh and cheer drove away to pick up the girl.

"Oh, goody," she said when she saw the car. "This suits my simple tastes to a T."

"Come, let us speed over rolling highways and through luscious delis."

And away they drove. All that day and night they drove and finally, tired but happy, they parked high on a windswept hill.

"Marlboro," he said.

"Yum yum," she said.

They lit up. They puffed with deep

contentment. "You know," he said, "you are like a Marlboro—mild and fresh and relaxing."

"But there is a big difference between Marlboro and me," she said, "because I do not have a Selectate filter nor do I come in soft pack or flip-top box."

They laughed. They kissed. He screamed.

"What is it, my dear," she cried, alarmed.

"Look at the speedometer," he said. "We have driven 200 miles and this car costs 10¢ a mile and I have only \$20 left."

"But that's exactly enough," she said.

"Yes," he said, "but we still have to drive home."

They fell into a profound gloom. He started the motor and backed out of the parking place.

"Hey, look!" she said. "The speedometer doesn't move when you're backing up."

He looked. It was true. "Eureka!" he cried. "That solves my problem. I will drive home in reverse. Then no more miles will register on the speedometer and



I will have enough money to pay!"

"I think that's a marvelous idea," she said, and she was right. Because today our hero is in the county jail where food, clothes and lodging are provided free of charge and his allowance is piling up so fast that he will have enough money to take his girl riding again as soon as he is released.

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Backward or forward, a fine, new experience in smoking is yours from the makers of Marlboro—the unfiltered, King-size Philip Morris Commander. Welcome aboard!



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